Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellowes, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner:

Clown. For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meat sir, it shall be cover'd, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall governe. *Exit. Clown.*

Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou *Iessica*?
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanio's* wife?

Ies. Past all expressing, it is very meet
The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright life:
For having such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven here on earth,
And if on earth he do not meane it,
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there must be something else
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Iessi. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that.

Loren. I will anone, first let us go to dinner?

Iessi. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomack.

Loren. No, pray thee let it serve for table talke,
Then how so ere thou speakst, mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Iessi. Well, ile set you forth. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

Anth. Ready,

Anth. Ready, so please your
Duke. I am sorry for thee, t
A stony Adversary, an inhuman
Uncapable of pitty, voyd, and e
From any dram of mercy.
Anth. I have heard
Your Grace hath tane great pa
His rigorous course; but since
And that no lawfull meanes ca
Out of his envies reach, I do o
My patience to his fury, and an
To suffer with a quietnesse of
The very tyranny and rage of
Duke. Go one and call the
Salerio. He is ready at the
Enter Sh
Duke. Make roome, and le
Shylocke, the world thinks, and
That thou but lead'st this fash
To the last houre of act, and t
Thou w'lt shew thy mercy an
Than is thy strange apparant c
And where thou now exacts
Which is a pound of this poo
Thou wilt not onely loose th
But toucht with humane gen
Forgive a moytie of the prin
Glauncing an eye of pitty on
That have of late so hudled o
Enow to presse a royall Merc
And pluck commiseration o
From braffie bosomes, and ro
From stubborne Turkes, and
To Offices of tender curtesie
We all expect a gentle answ
Iew. I have possest your
And by our holy Sabbaoth h
To have the due and forfeit